

CHAOS!
COMICS

THE

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Suggested for
mature readers

THE LOST

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SURE.
I'LL HELP
YOU.

WHAT
DO YOU
NEED?

CAN YOU
TAKE ME
HOME?
I'LL BE A
GOOD BOY.
I PROMISE.



REALLY?

HAVE YOU
REALLY BEEN
GOOD?



I CAN
BE WHATEVER
YOU WANT—

MIKE!



HEY, MIKE!



YOU'VE
GOT TOO MANY
FRIENDS FOR
ME, KID.



SHIT.

HEY
MAN, WHERE'VE
YOU BEEN
?

TRYING TO
GET SOME DINNER.
WHAT'S IT TO
YOU?



PETER'S BEEN ASKING ABOUT YOU. HE'S NOT HAPPY.

NOT HAPPY? BOO-HOO. I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT PETER.

MIKEY, WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?



WHAT'S MY PROBLEM? YOU'RE STILL SUCH A CHILD. BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT MY PROBLEM IS IN ABOUT, SAY... 50 YEARS.

RIGHT, NEVILLE?



ALWAYS A GOOD SOLDIER, AREN'T YOU? YOU BOTH MAKE ME SICK.



LISTEN, I DON'T NEED THIS FROM YOU!

MY POINT EXACTLY. AND I DON'T NEED ANY OF YOU EITHER.

ESPECIALLY PETER.



WHERE IS MR. PAN IF HE'S SO DAMN CONCERNED?



WITH A NEW...

...FRIEND.



BOOK TWO
"The Island Come True"



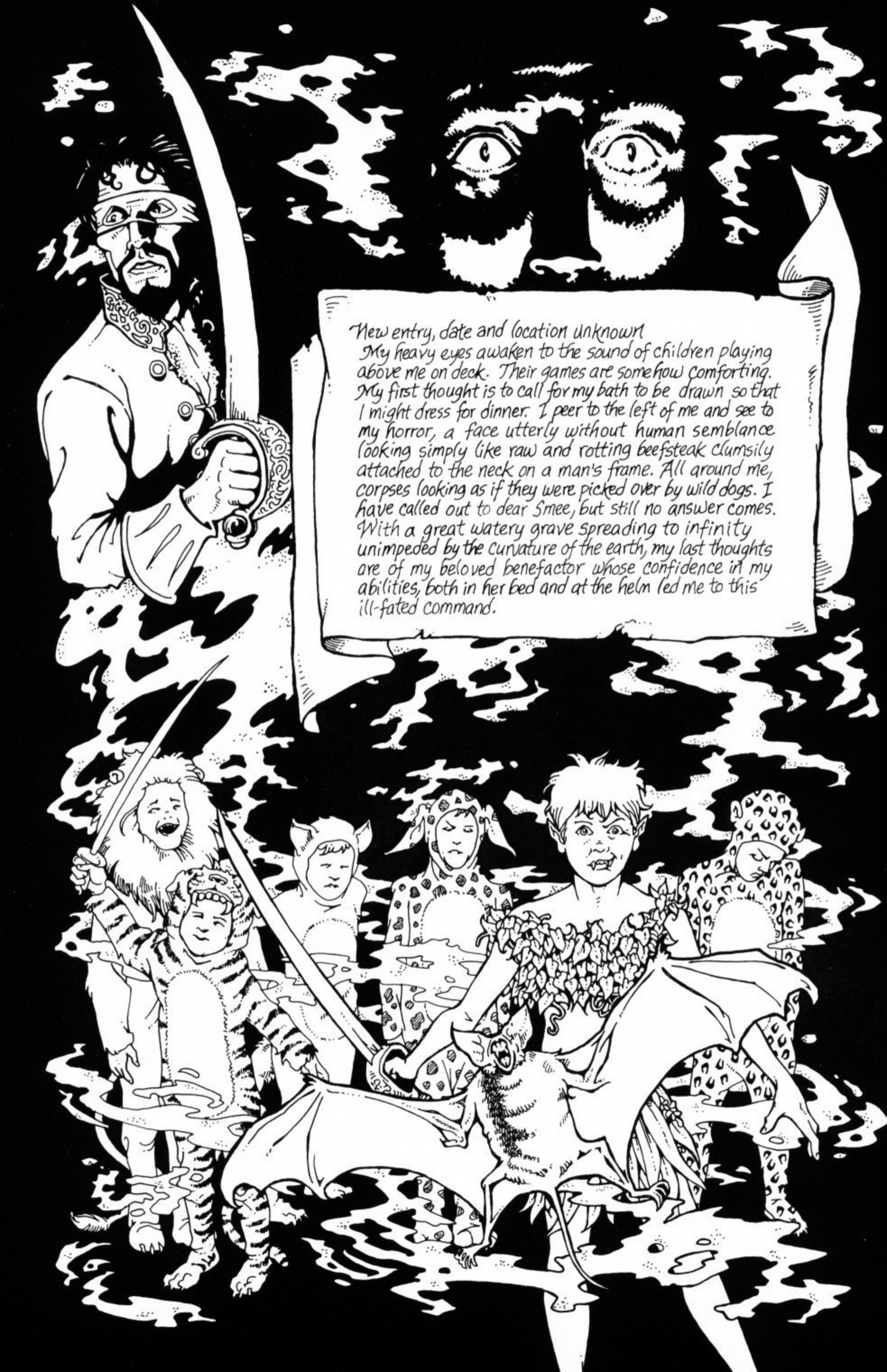
12, 13 or 14, February, 1879 Strait of Gibraltar
Lost track of the dates, but think the last to be correct. Tragedy all around, my crew plague ridden with no hope of fetching through, and yet a laugh sticks in my throat to see them scattered about the hold dressed for a masque. At sunset the day before yesterday Mister Hart, in harlequin garb his face as white as table linen, said he couldn't go on: he proposed we toss him overboard to feed the fish. That we could not do for lack of strength and — for honor. In spite of a gallant struggle I can testify to his bravery in death. He is first of us to go and with him so goes our spirit.

To boost morale, my unendingly cheerful first mate — Mister Smee pretends that safe haven is before us, the beast is gone, and salvation is forthcoming. "Listen for the gulls to bring us home," he calls out over the suffering. Assuredly, the end is not far.



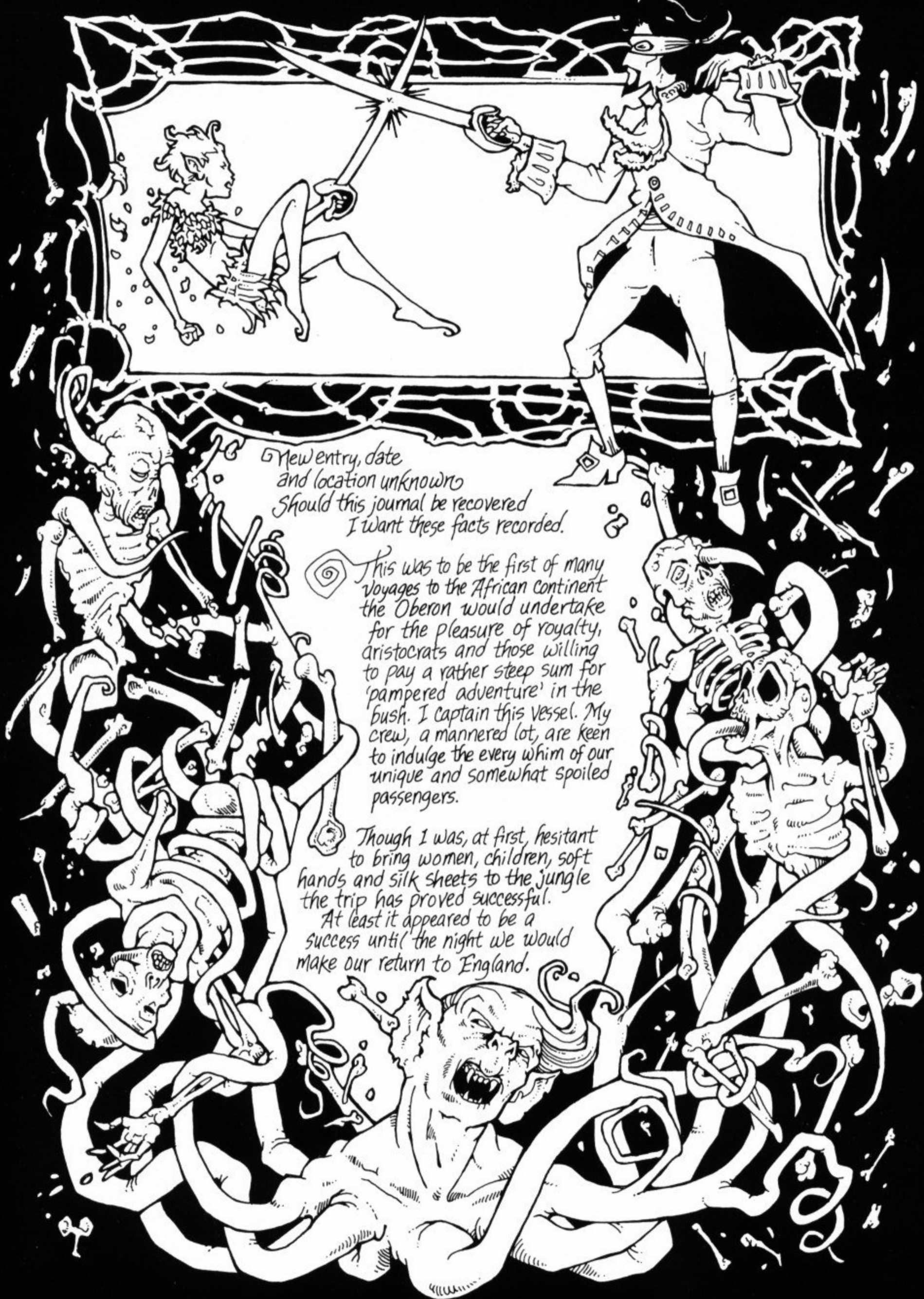
February or March, location unknown
I can only write in the streams of daylight
peering through a small hole above me
during those times of consciousness and only
with my left hand, as my right sits on the
ocean floor. Two or three days ago I proudly
-vainly- possessed two of those dutiful
appendages. This is the first step to my
downfall. I lay awake in pain these nights
hallucinating. My fever dream has conjured
Puck from his midsummer night forest. He
buzzes above me like a mischievous fly-a
toothy smile over his pink face.





New entry, date and location unknown

My heavy eyes awaken to the sound of children playing above me on deck. Their games are somehow comforting. My first thought is to call for my bath to be drawn so that I might dress for dinner. I peer to the left of me and see to my horror, a face utterly without human semblance looking simply like raw and rotting beefsteak clumsily attached to the neck on a man's frame. All around me, corpses looking as if they were picked over by wild dogs. I have called out to dear Smeed, but still no answer comes. With a great watery grave spreading to infinity unimpeded by the curvature of the earth, my last thoughts are of my beloved benefactor whose confidence in my abilities, both in her bed and at the helm led me to this ill-fated command.



New entry, date
and location unknown
Should this journal be recovered
I want these facts recorded.

This was to be the first of many
voyages to the African continent
the Oberon would undertake
for the pleasure of royalty,
aristocrats and those willing
to pay a rather steep sum for
'pampered adventure' in the
bush. I captain this vessel. My
crew, a mannered lot, are keen
to indulge the every whim of our
unique and somewhat spoiled
passengers.

Though I was, at first, hesitant
to bring women, children, soft
hands and silk sheets to the jungle
the trip has proved successful.
At least it appeared to be a
success until the night we would
make our return to England.



The first night of our return home is repeated in my mind interminably. The ladies had retired. With the costume party over, the dining salon was deserted save for a small, well oiled group of joyous revellers. A highwayman was squeezing the shoulder of a young Pan while King Lear raised his glass to the spirit of glory past. A Roman gladiator laughed on the shoulder of a samurai.

Then came to our ears - who were below deck - screams from above. Sweeping, fluttering, rumbling sounds, calls for help, and oddly - the laughter of children - filled the upper deck. Fearing the worst, I turned toward those behind me to see only one standing - the Pan, his eyes red with fire his upper lip flared and revealing inhuman teeth.



NOOOOOOO



SMEE!

SMEE!

WHERE ARE YOU?!

SMEE, I HUNGER! I NEED NOURISHMENT. DID YOU--?

NOW, CAPTAIN, HAVE I EVER FAILED YOU?

NO, OF COURSE NOT.

MY LOYAL SMEE, YOU REMEMBER THE MAN I WAS. THE CURSED PAN! HE HAUNTS ME...

... EVEN IN MY DREAMS.

CAP'N, YOU MUSN'T WORK YOURSELF UP SO. WE NEED TO PLAN.

YOU ARE RIGHT. PAN IS HERE. AND I WILL MAKE THAT LITTLE DEVIL SPAWN SUFFER AS I HAVE --!

COUGH COUGH COUGH
COUGH COUGH COUGH
COUGH COUGH COUGH

- BUT, NOW I MUST FEED. BRING IT IN, SMEE.





COME IN,
LASS.
MEET MY
CAPTAIN.



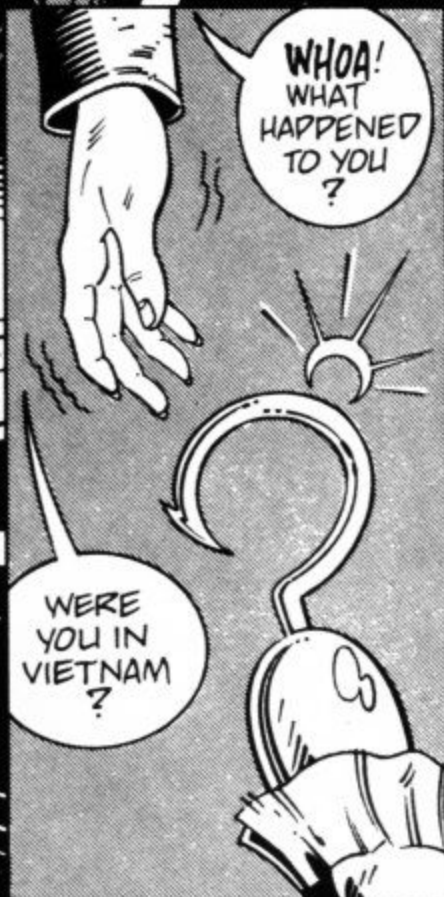
CAPTAIN?
ARE YOU, LIKE,
IN THE NAVY OR
SOMETHIN'
?



YOU'VE OUTDONE
YOURSELF, SMEE!
AND WHAT IS YOUR
NAME, YOUNG LADY?



OH, UH,
I'M
KAREN.

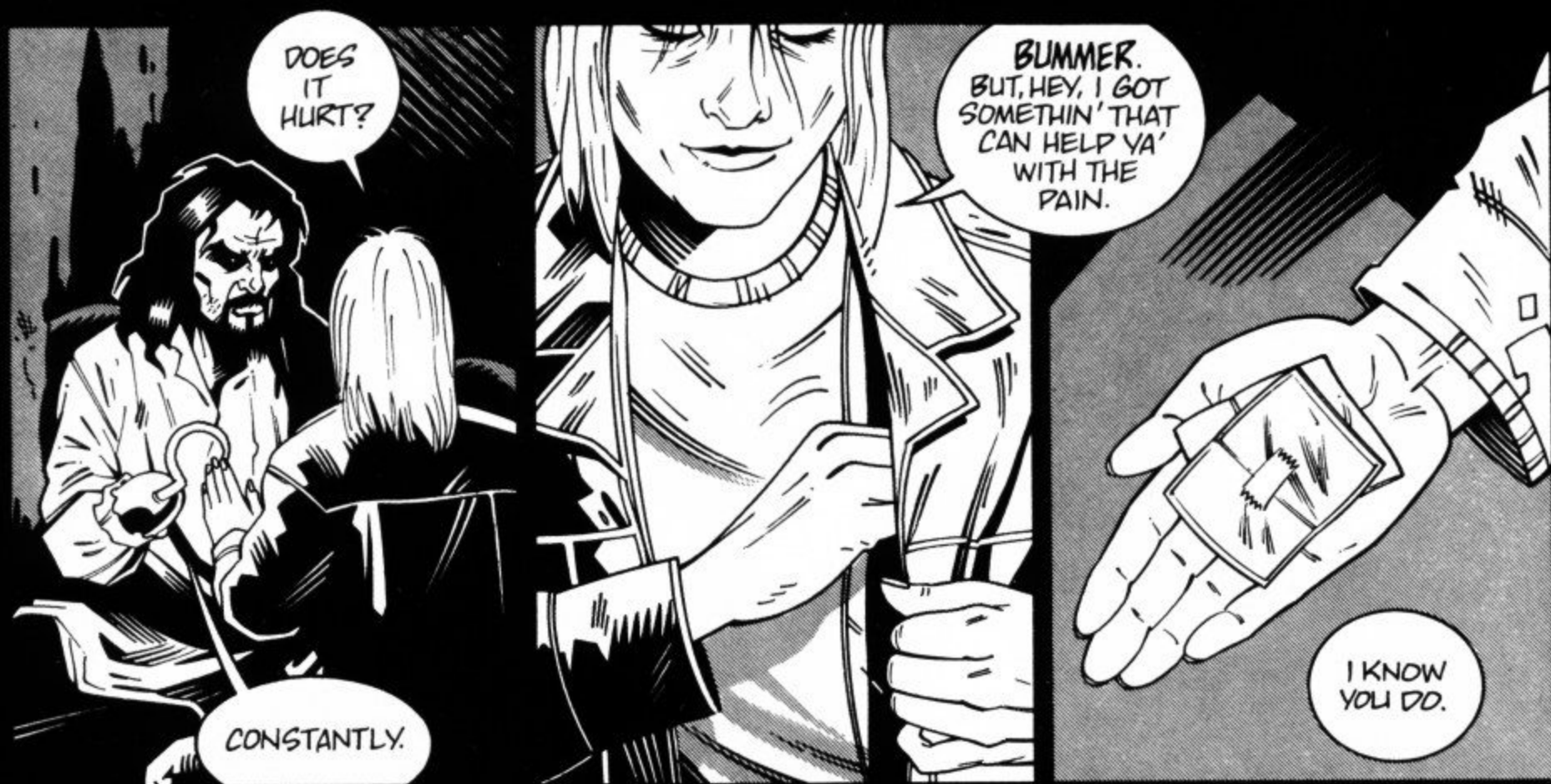


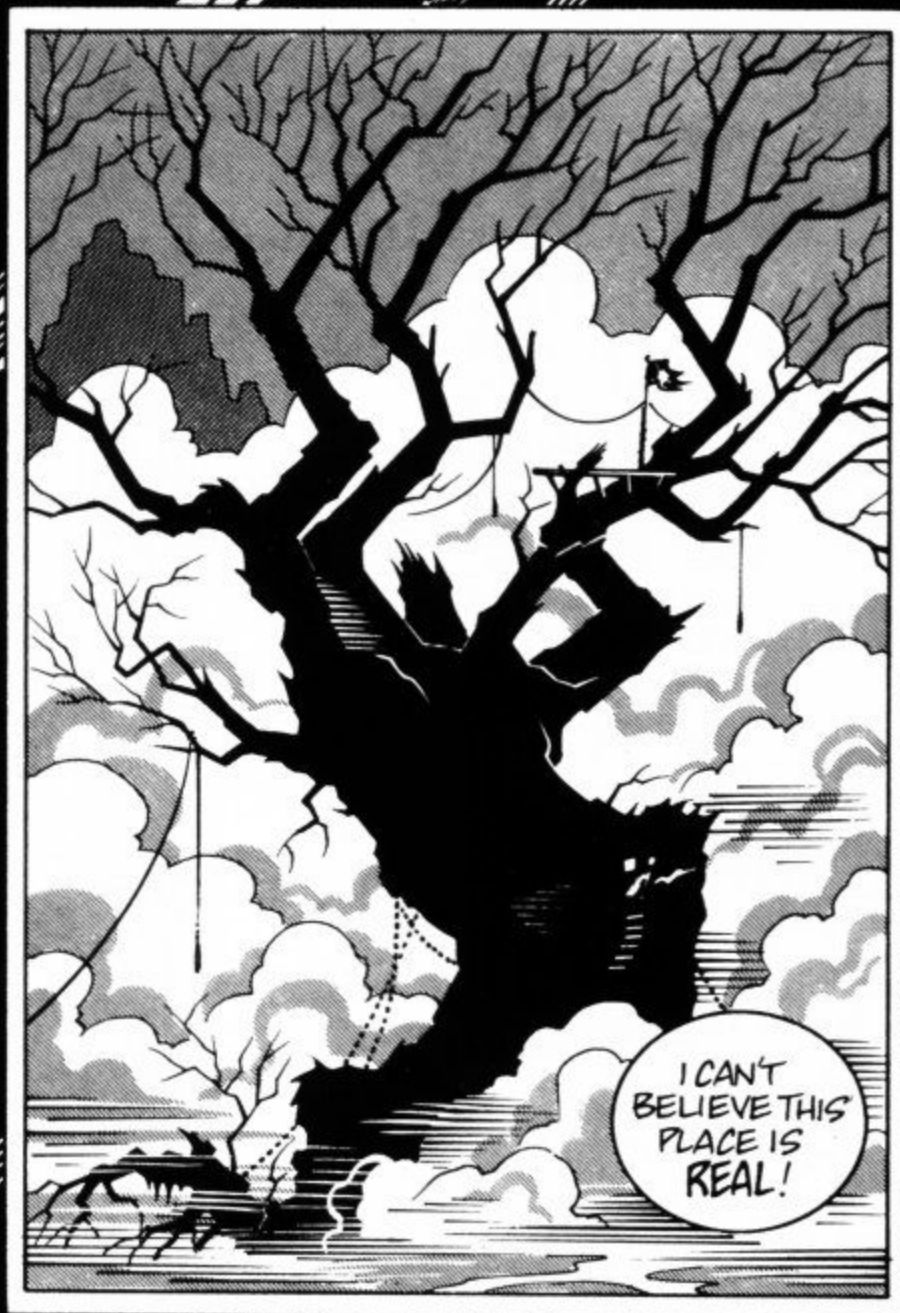
WHOA!
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU
?

WERE
YOU IN
VIETNAM
?



YOU COULD CALL
IT AN OLD
WAR WOUND.



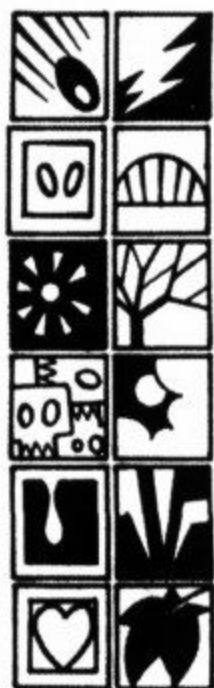


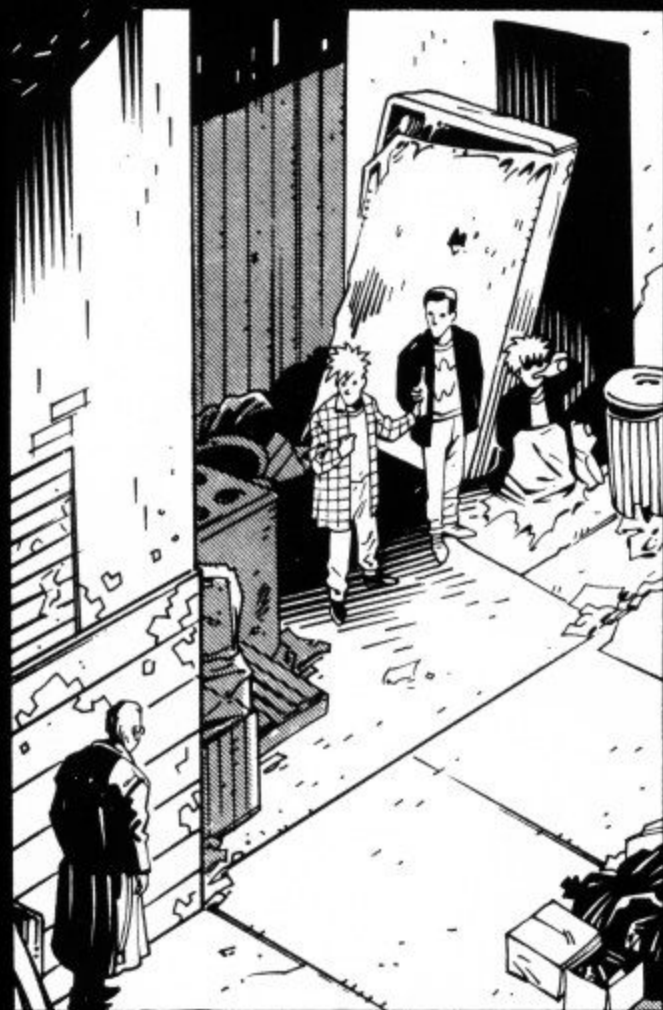






SHE
PREFERS
"TINK."





YOU
LOOK
LONELY,
MISTER.
WANNA
DATE
?

YEAH?
SCREW YOU,
TOO!

VERY
SUBTLE.
CAN YOU
TEACH ME
HOW TO
DO THAT
?

HA HA HA!
GUESS HE
TOLD YOU,
MAN!

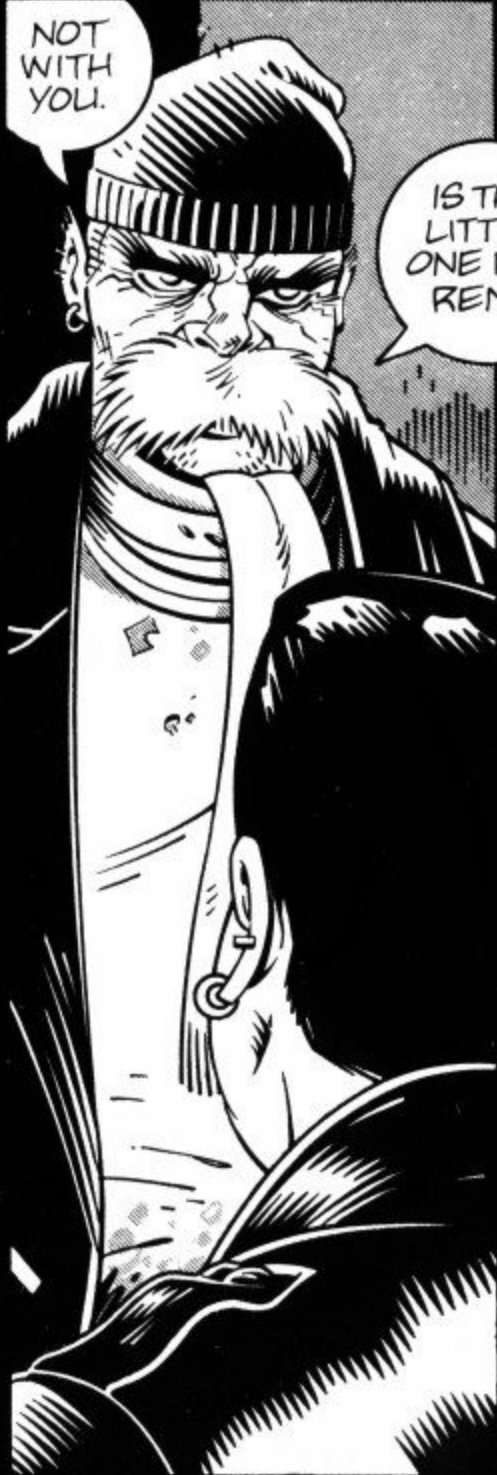
LOOK
WHO'S
TALKIN',
YOU TEDDY
BEAR
CARRYIN',
FOOTY
PAJAMAED
FREAK!



GOOD
EVENING,
BOYS.

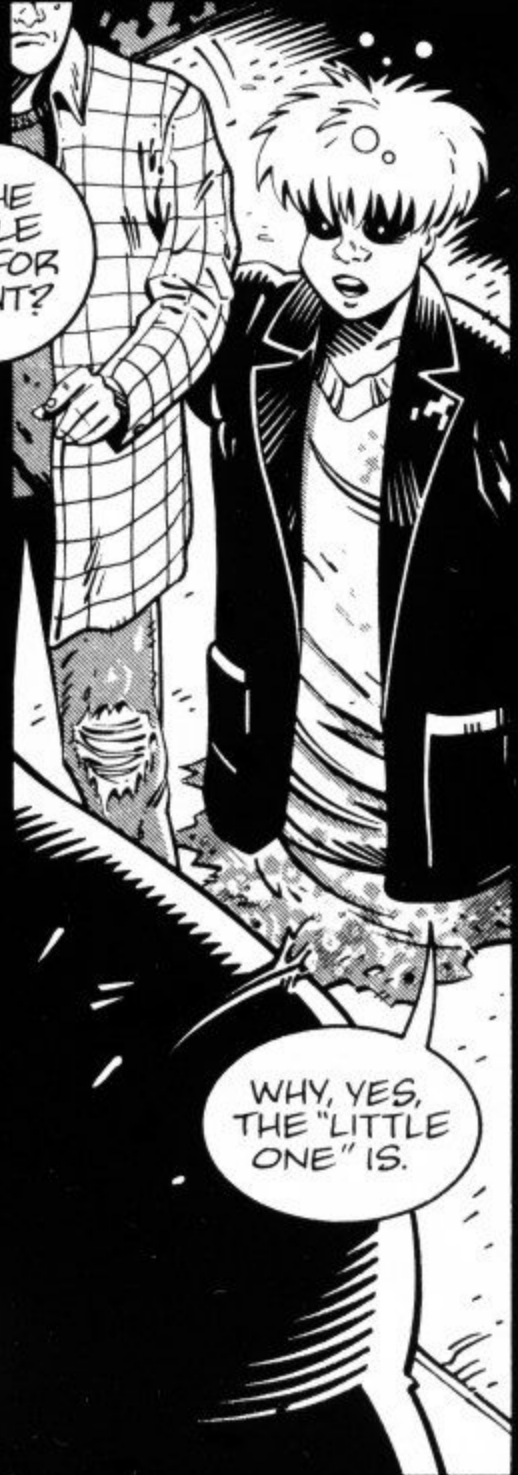
HELLO
TO YOU TOO,
MISTER!

WANNA
DATE?



NOT
WITH
YOU.

IS THE
LITTLE
ONE FOR
RENT?



WHY, YES,
THE "LITTLE
ONE" IS.





YOU'RE NOT A COP, ARE YOU?

NO, JUST ANXIOUS.



IS THIS YOUR FIRST TIME?

'CAUSE I CAN BE LOTSA FUN!

NO, I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE.



I THOUGHT YOU LOOKED FAMILIAR.

JESUS, DID YOU RENT THE PENT-HOUSE?



WE'RE HERE.

AFTER YOU.

SUCH A GENTLEMAN.



HELLO, MICHAEL.







HOOK!
YOU'RE
SUPPOSED
TO BE DEAD,
OLD MAN.



THE REPORTS, AS
THEY SAY, ARE GREATLY
EXAGGERATED.



NOT FOR LONG
YOU ONE ARMED
BASTARD!



GOOD SHOW!
YOU DREW BLOOD,
BUT I THINK MY
CLUT WAS A BIT...
DEEPER.



SIR,
THESE CUFFS
ARE HURTING
ME.

NO,
I DON'T
THINK
SO.

IS THERE
ANYWAY I COULD
CONVINCE YOU TO TAKE
THEM OFF?



I KNOW HOW
PUNKS LIKE YOU
OPERATE.



AWW, COME ON!
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING
I COULD DO?

LET ME
HELP YOU
RELAX.

YOU LOOK
SO TENSE.



GOOD
BOY.



AND
REMEMBER...

...THINK
HAPPY
THOUGHTS.







6

Exit

